for wormes, but Ile go ſearch the market. *Exit.*

Pand. Three or foure thouſand Chickeens were as pretty a proportion to liue quietly, and ſo giue ouer.

Bawd. Why, to giue ouer I pray you? Is it a ſhame to get when we are old?

Pand. Oh our credit comes not in like the commoditie, nor the commodity wages not with the danger: therefore, if in our youths we could picke vp ſome pretty eſtate, t'were not amiſſe to keepe our doore hatch'd; beſides, the ſore termes wee ſtand vpon with the gods, will be ſtrong with vs for giuing ore.

Bawd. Come, other ſorts offend as well as we.

Pand. As well as we, I, and better too, we offend worſe, neither is our profeſſion any Trade, it's no calling; but here comes *Boult.*

Enter Boult with the Pirates, and Marina.

Boult. Come your wayes my maſters, you ſay ſhee's a virgin?

Sayl. O ſir, we doubt it not.

Boult. Maſter, I haue gone through for this peece you ſee, If you like her, ſo; if not, I haue loſt my earneſt.

Bawd. Boult, ha's ſhe any qualities?

Boult, Shee ha's a good face, ſpeakes well, and ha's excellent good cloathes: ther's no farther neceſſity of qualities can make her be refuſd.

Bawd. What's her price, *Boult*?

Boult. I cannot be bated one doit of a thouſand peeces.

Pand. Well, follow me my maſters, you ſhal haue your money preſently: wife, take her in, inſtruct her what ſhe has to do that ſhe may not be raw in her entertainment.

Baud. Boult, take you the markes of her, the colour of her haire, complexion, height, age, with warrant of her virginity, and cry; He that will giue moſt, ſhal haue her firſt. Such a maiden-head were no cheap thing, if men were as they haue bene: Get this done as I command you.

Boult. Performance ſhall follow. *Exit.*

Mar. Alacke that *Leonine* was ſo ſlacke, ſo ſlow:
He ſhould haue ſtrucke, not ſpoke;

Or

Or that theſe Pirates, not eno
Had not ore-boord throwne m

Baud. Why weepe you pret

Mar. That I am pretty.

Baud. Come, the gods haue

Mar. I accuſe them not.

Baud. You are light into my
Where you are like to liue.

Mar. The more my fault, to
Where I was like to dye.

Baud. I, and you ſhall liue in

Mar. No.

Baud. Yes indeede ſhall yo
ſhions. You ſhall fare well; yo
complexions: what, de'ye ſtop

Mar. Are you a woman?

Baud. What would you ha
man?

Mar. An honeſt woman, or

Baud. Marry whip thee Gos
to do with you. Come, y'are a
be bowed as I would haue ye.

Mar. The gods defend me.

Baud. If it pleaſe the gods t
muſt comfort you, men muſt fe
Boults return'd.

Enter B

Now ſir, haſt thou cride her th

Boult. I haue cride her almo
I haue drawne her picture with

Baud. And prethee tell me,
tion of the people, eſpecially o

Boult. Faith they liſtned to m
to their fathers Teſtament. Th
watered, that he went to bed t

Baud. Wee ſhall haue him
ruffe on.

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